

THE GOLDEN ROD



G.V.C.



B. H. NERSES

Class Photographer

... OF ...

Q. H. S.

1908 - 1915

¶ The Class of 1915 has approved the
decision of its six predecessors, and
Mr. Nerses thanks each individual
member for this testimony of appre-
ciation. You have pleased him!
He will please you!

¶ Students and Teachers of the
School will be accorded the usual
special rates.

STUDIO

1507 Hancock Street, Quincy, Mass.

Music Hall Block

Telephone Connection

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OUR CLASS PRESIDENTS.



DONALD G. CROCKER
1915.



J. HILTON MARR
1916.



THEODORE R. HIGGINS
1917.

PHOTOS. BY PIERCE.

No. 3

Let us hope that the new elections may have stirred up a little more life in the Debating Society. Under the former officers it has not been a great success, although this has not been their fault, but the fault of the society itself. Although the society *has* the right material, it must check the epidemic of not debating when appointed.

We are still waiting for an outpour of literary contributions to this paper. Get busy and help us!

Within the last two or three years, a new spirit has been unconsciously formed among the students by the present head of the school. This is the spirit of democracy. Up to the present year how many general school assemblies have there been? Comparatively few. Yet this is an excellent manner to promote a spirit of general democracy among the pupils. Here, the individual soon becomes familiar with other faces and a feeling of fellowship is promoted, while a greater interest in the school is also created.

With the abolition of school dances and receptions another step was taken toward a general school democracy. Were these events strictly school affairs? Decidedly not. They were participated in by a small minority, who, no doubt, considered themselves the "400" of the school. Yet they were called school affairs and no doubt run upon the school or class money. Could these promote more democracy?

Several murmurs of disapproval were heard at the presentation of Q's to the football squad. It was much better to have a reception with the "fixings." Still, is not a football team properly representing the school? Is it not better for a majority to feel pride in their athletic representatives at an assembly meeting rather than a minority at a school reception?

A mouse makes a woman scream with fright, while a rat only makes her hair stand up. —Ex.

STUDENT:—What do you charge for your rooms?

LANDLADY:—Five dollars up.

STUDENT:—But, I am a student.

LANDLADY:—Then, it's five dollars down. —Ex.

The school clubs have been formed with the idea of fellowship and school interest. To be sure, there are restrictions, but to an observer the democratic idea is prominent.

Let us carry this feeling of fellowship into all our school and outside activities, remembering 'that all men are created equal.'

—ARTHUR N. BOWEN, '15.

Yes, Mr. Collins, after that concert in December we are surely looking forward to another one.

Why be a croaker? Why be a chronic kicker? Is there not a light side of life? Then why always look upon the dark side? Why wear a lemon juice expression when it is so easy to smile? It is often said that "nobody loves a fat man." However, I am inclined to think that nobody loves a croaker. Everybody shuns the shadow of depression that accompanies a pessimist.

Therefore, if you are not satisfied with *The Golden-Rod*, don't kick but get busy; contribute something and help the editors fill their respective columns. *The Golden-Rod* is a school paper and should be supported by the whole student body. If you think that the magazine is *not* what it ought to be, *you* are partly responsible for its condition and have no right to kick. Show some school spirit; boost *your* paper by contributing to it and by *buying* it.

—G. VON COLLN, '15.

'15:—Did you know Caesar loved the Irish?

'18:—Why?

'15:—When he came to the Rhine, he proposed to Bridget. —Ex.

'15:—I notice that some of the girls are wearing their hair "à la divorcée."

'16:—How's that?

'15:—Parted.

A GLIMPSE AT MOVIELAND.

Movieland's chief places of interest are the Heroine's residence, the Hero's office, a western town with its Sheriff's office, jail, and bar all in one small building, the railroad station, and church. Its chief characters are the Hero, the Heroine, the Villain, and the Cowboy.

The Hero, Movieland's rising young man, is a good looking youth with broad shoulders, who spends all this time raising thrills for the other inhabitants.

After having jumped over a 3,000 foot precipice and having emerged from the turbulent stream beneath with the Heroine draped gracefully over his left arm, he considers it a mere trifle to ride fifty miles for the Doctor in two hundred feet of film, taking approximately one minute and a half. He usually does it in three scenes, namely the long stretch of dusty road, the road fringed with many trees with the bridge at the near end, and the road with the steep descent and sharp curve in it. While he is gone on another trip of thirty more miles in search of the Sheriff, the Doctor has arrived but has no sooner reached the bedside of the Heroine than the Hero appears with the Sheriff. Owing to the marvelous steeds of Movieland this is easily accomplished.

The Heroine is the young woman who can roll her eyes the farthest, smile or frown the quickest, and sprain her ankle over a blade of

grass the easiest. This last gives the Hero a chance to carry her a few miles through the dangerous wood. The Heroine's chief occupation between adventures is writing letters in three scribbles and then, with never a blush, having them shown to the public, of course with perfect writing and spelling. The Heroine does not speak to the Villain after the first few hundred feet of film, for the simple reason that she has discovered that he

wears a moustache and a scowl and, in most cases, squints. The Hero and Heroine generally waste about seventy-five feet of film at the end by their smiles, loving looks, and the last *fond* clinch.

Life in Movieland consists of cramming as many adventures into one day as there is film on hand to take them. The Cowboy must be able to be the Hero's trusty colleague or to work for the Villain, who is too busy grinding his

teeth and shaking his fists to work for himself. He must have a horse who will stand quietly in front of the saloon until the Cowboy jumps for him. Then several varieties of trouble ensue before he decides to start out on the long journey. It is one of the laws of Movieland that the Cowboy's horse be headed in the wrong direction, causing him to be jerked around, before galloping away.

The Soldier must fight equally well under whatever flag happens to be flying over his

—February—

See the pretty snow=drops
Falling on the ground,
Chasing one another
Round and round and round.

AMY TORREY.

Oh, February, when the snow
Lies on the hills and valleys low
And skaters glide the ice in glee,
This is the only month for me.

MAYBELLE ATKINS.

camp that day. He has a peculiar knack of picking a place where the bullets will come the nearest to him without hitting him.

The Chauffeur has the easiest job of all the inhabitants of Movieland as all he has to do is to race sixty-two miles an hour with the Villain's auto and after this is overtaken, tip his cap to the Heroine and rush back to

town again. He has a self-starting, self-cleaning and practically self-everything car. His chief care is to keep from skidding into the landscape while rounding a sharp curve, reluctantly slowing down to forty-four miles an hour while so doing.

—FRED A. ROACHE, '15.

A DREAM.

This bit of poetry was found in a desk-drawer in Room 23, and is published because of the perfect picture it presents.

I see a little lady,
Who sits all day and knits
In a garden very shady,
Making children's mits.

Her hair is like the silver,
Her eyes of heavenly blue,
Her voice is soft and mellow,
Her scowls are very few.

I still can see her sitting,
And her silvery hair still gleams,—
The very dearest lady,
The Grandma of my dreams.

—IRENE POTTERTON

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

My brother and I had been training all summer for the canoe race in the annual regatta, an event of importance for the whole county. The canoe and motor boat races, in an affair of this kind are always the most important. About twenty motor boats and one lone steamer were entered. The motor boat race was the first event on the programme. Everybody was excited when it was in progress, and the "Sister," a very high powered boat, was in the lead. Much to our distress the canoe race was called before the close of the other. About fifteen canoes responded. Brother and I being amateurs, got a very poor start and were last for the first few seconds. We gained rapidly, however, until when going around the buoy we were third. Just then we heard shouts from the

grand stand, and looking up we saw the "Sister," which had become unmanageable through being overfed with ether, a trick to secure very high speed, coming toward us at a terrific rate. At the same moment the steamer having given up all hope of winning had returned, and was steaming past us. As she crossed our course we fell into the trough of the swell. Our canoe became unmanageable, and, to make matters worse, the "Sister" was still advancing toward us. In an instant she would strike us. Brother shouted, "dive!" and dive we did. At just the same moment the motor boat struck our canoe, and drove it right on to the beach. Needless to say we did not win the race.

PRISCILLA WHITE, '17.

WINTER SPORTS.

After the great football victories have been won and the days grow colder the minds of the young people turn to the many attractions which winter has in store for them. The snow and ice are given a hearty welcome when one thinks of the pleasures of skating, coasting, tobogganing and other games.

Perhaps the greatest sport of the winter months is skating. Almost every boy or girl loves the games which are played on the ice. For the young man there is the game of hockey. Seven players take part in this game; namely, the goal, point, cover point, left wing, right wing, left center and right center. On some teams where there is one excellent player the lineup is different, this player being used as a cover; that is, a man who may go to any point on the pond. For example, Hobe Baker, one of the greatest living hockey players, holds this position on the St. Nicholas Hockey Team of New York. During the preceding four years he played on the Princeton Hockey Team.

The game is divided into halves. The articles necessary are a hockey and a puck. The hockey is a long stick carved at one end. The puck is a round, flat piece of hard rubber.

The object of the game is to drive the puck into the goal, which is a sort of a cage made the width of a hockey. Each time this is accomplished it counts one point. There are many rules for hockey, so it would be hard to state any principal ones. The team must work together, for one man cannot make a

good team. The whole secret is in passing, each side having its own particular signals. For many people hockey proves to be the most interesting game of the winter months.

The hills are the most sought for places when the snow covers the ground, for coasting is then the greatest amusement. First, the hill has to be climbed; then the sleds are put in place. All aboard! a push and off we go as quickly as the wind. There is so much fun in coasting down the hill that one does not mind the long climb up again. Sleds and double-runners are used but more fun is derived from the double-runners, although they are more dangerous.

Another form of the above sport is tobogganing. A toboggan is a kind of a sled curved at the forward end, with a railing on both sides. In the cities of this part of the country the slides are made. When the snow falls on the ground water is poured on it, and this freezes, forming a sheet of ice. In the country the people wait till a hard crust is formed on the snow. Cunningham Gymnasium and Franklin Park are the nearest slides to us but Cunningham is only for Milton residents.

All these sports afford great pleasure, for nothing is more invigorating than the brisk winter weather when the young people gather together to take part in all or any of these very healthful pastimes.

—HELEN TOWNSEND, '16

POOR ADVICE.

KIND MAN (to little boy who is crying):—"What's the trouble, my little man?"

LITTLE BOY:—"Boo—hoo—hoo!"

KIND MAN:—"There, there! Don't mind, don't mind "

LITTLE BOY:—"I didn't — (sniff) — and that's what I got licked for." —Ex.

Because we are not witty,

Because we have no jokes

Because we print no stories

That please you funny folks,

You sigh and groan and grumble

And fling us on the shelf.

Moral:—Gentle Reader,

Just write a bit yourself. —Ex

THE UNFINISHED SONG.

The orchestra had just finished a dashing fantasie and the curtain had gone down. The great hall was filled with the most cultured, refined, and wealthy people in the city. It was the opening night of the new Conservatory of Music and many celebrated artists were present.

All at once a hush fell over the audience as an old, white haired, white bearded man with a violin in his hand, came slowly up the center aisle. He was dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a flowing black tie which was nearly hidden by his long beard. His whole appearance was very much out of place in the gorgeous surroundings.

He, however, was entirely unaware of the fact. Walking up the steps to the middle of the stage, he began to tune his instrument. Then, looking out over the great sea of human faces, he began a wild, sweet interlude.

As the melody rose and fell, the people drifted off on an enchanted sea of song. The breeze murmured a lullaby while the waves accompanied it in an undertone. All was strange, weird, and beautiful.

Then he sprang into a mad, merry tune, full of sunshine and laughter, and ringing with the happiness of mere existence. From this he wandered into a muttering discontent which broke in a loud, terrible clash. It was like the rumblings of a volcano before an eruption, which suddenly bursts into a cloud of smoke, flames and lava. The storm of music raged and roared while the people listened and in fear and trembling. Gradually its fury sub-

sided and it merged into a queer little pick, pick, on the strings accompanied always by a faint, sweet minor.

Then before the people were fully aware of it, the minor grew stronger until it prevailed. It throbbed, it wailed, it sobbed its way into their very souls, bringing a sad, sweet longing. It seemed as if all the pain and sorrow in the world was condensed into those few moments. Then it ceased — unfinished !

An intense, death-like silence filled the room. It would have been sacrilege to have applauded. When the silence was at last broken the dazed, audience looked about for the musician. Where was this great violinist who had come uninvited, and had played so grandly ? He had disappeared completely !

Strange forebodings began to fill the hearts of the people. Was he the spirit of an old musician come to consecrate the "Temple of Music," or was he some messenger from the Unknown, come to awaken their hearts ? What was the sublime theme which he had wrought so marvelously ? Why did he leave it unfinished ?

As the people pondered over these things a few began to comprehend its meaning. It was the "Story of the World" from the beginning up through the centuries. No human being knows the end, but sometime it will be finished, and whether sad or joyous depends upon the ability of those who hear to respond to the message.

DOROTHY CHASE, '18

It's a funny thing that when Cupid hits his mark, he generally Mrs. it —Ex.

MOTHER (in street car):—Stop crying at once, or I shall whip you.

SMALL FRIEND:—Then I'll tell the conductor that I'm over age—boo! hoo! wa—ah!

TEACHER:—"Johnny, go to the board, and draw a horse and wagon."

Freshman goes to the board, draws a horse, and takes his seat.

TEACHER—"Why, where's the wagon?"

FRESHIE:—"Let the horse draw the wagon." —Ex.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

"Jim," said Mrs. Clark, "I do wish you'd put that clock up in the attic. It's no earthly good. I set it at eight this morning, and there it's stopped again."

"I'll try to, Martha, tomorrow night, if I'm not too tired. Generally I'm about done up at night."

"I know how it is, Jim. I hope the children appreciate your working so hard to pay the mortgage, and to educate them too."

The clock had stood in the corner of the hall for ten years. It had always kept good time until grandfather's death, a year ago.

Just then the door opened, and a tall girl about seventeen entered.

"Here I am, Mother, safe and sound. Now see if I have everything. Thread No. 80 ; needles No. 5 ; baby ribbon, five yards light blue ; six yards white lawn ; hair ribbon, light blue, two yards ; and gloves, size six. Is that right, Mother ?"

"Yes, dear."

"What's this, Gene, more bills ?"

"Just my graduation dress, Father. I got the very cheapest I could find, and I am going to pay for it out of my chicken money."

"I wish you didn't have to, dear. I wonder where Joe is."

"He stopped on his way home to see Mr. Gray about the haying tomorrow."

"Here I am Father," said a cheery voice. "Smells good, whatever it is, Mother. 'Bout time to eat, isn't it ?"

"Pretty near Joe, I have lost all track of time since the clock stopped."

"I'll see if I can fix it after supper."

Judge Hardy, came in after supper, however, and the clock was forgotten.

A week later, after the evening meal was over, Gene came downstairs in her graduation dress to show it to her father. She was going to graduate from High School in a few days.

"My, isn't it pretty, dear !" said Father.

"Goodlooking gown," began Joe, eyeing it critically. "I think —"

He was interrupted by the solemn striking of the clock. The hour was eight, but the fourth stroke ended in a buzzing, whirring splutter. Silence followed.

"I declare," said Joe, "that clock has stopped again. I'm going to tackle it this minute."

When Gene came down from changing her dress, he was busily engaged in taking it apart. She stood and watched him.

"O, Joe, see that big piece of dust in the works ? I'll bet that is what's making the trouble."

Joe pulled it out and looked at it. It was paper. He unfolded it, and there were two banknotes, amounting to five thousand dollars.

"That's Grandfather's money ! Now why did he hide it and keep us guessing like that !" said Joe.

They were talking so excitedly that Mother and Father came in.

"O, Mother, now we can pay the mortgage," cried Gene, "and go to college too."

"Mother," said Mr. Clark, "shall I put the clock up in the attic tomorrow ?"

"No, I guess it will go all right now."

And it did.

LILLIAN WALTERS, '18.

"An heirloom," explained the teacher to the 'Soph' who had just put on long pants, "is something handed down from father to son."

"Gee," whispered the boy, "I'd appreciate these here heirlooms lots more if the legs of them weren't so long." —EX.

"What kind of work could you possibly do around an office ?"

"I'm a kind o' all-round man, mister. I kin hold a door open, light a match for ye, look out an' see if it's rainin, call a taxi, drop letters down the chute, an' tell folks you're out when yer aint "

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

"Look ! Chimmy, get a line on de guy out dere sitting on de post, fishin'. Here's a chance t' make a piece of change. De dope is dis, now get me. He goes out dere when de water's gone to Europe, sticks his line in de water an' waits for de fish t' come tru wid a bite. De way I dopes it out is dat de fish play cozy an' don't nibble an' radder dan t'beat it home "skunked," for fear dat his running-mate would slip some funning at him, he stays dere hopin', but never tinkin' of de incomin' wet. Now here's where we'se come in. We'll let him sit dere until he pipes de water comin' gradu'ly up de post, den he'll start yelling an' we makes believe we don't see him for awhile an' den after he's scared good and proper we'll row out in de skif an' put it up to him dat we'll dump him on sure-footin' for half-a-case an' den if he falls fer it, we split 'fifty-fifty.'"

* * * * *

"Gee ! dat was pretty soft, huh ! Chim ? He fell fer it like a boob. Guess I'll go up to my goil's house an' invite her t'de movies. S'long ! Chimmy."

JEP. '15.

A MISTAKE IN JOHNS.

(A phone-ologue ; some characters seen and some heard.)

FEMALE VOICE—Is this Quincy 23-M ?

MRS. JOHN FEARDON (answering phone) : Yes.

FEMALE VOICE :—Is John there ?

MRS. FEARDON (a tinge of anger in voice) : No ! Who is it, please ?

FEMALE VOICE :—When do you expect the dear boy home ?

MRS. FEARDON :—What do you wish to see him for ?

FEMALE VOICE (in matter of fact way) : Goodness gracious, but you're an inquisitive maid. I will have to speak to John about you. Tell John, Hazel called and it will be all right to-night and that violets will match my new dress. Good bye. (Bang.)

MRS. FEARDON :—The idea ! Hazel ! Violets ! John ! Dear boy ? Oh, wait till my husband gets home.

(Enter Mr. John Feardon. Sees look of anger on wife's face.)

MR. JOHN FEARDON :—Now what's the matter ?

MRS. FEARDON : Nothing, (a trace of sob in the voice) only, Hazel called up and said I was a fresh maid, called you dearie, said to meet her at 7.30 to-night and that violets will match her new dress.

MR. FEARDON : Ha, Ha, foolish girl, just a minute now.

(John Feardon Sr., calling home of John, Jr. alias "Buck.")

JOHN, SR. : Say, John, were you expecting a call ?

JOHN, JR. : Yes.

JOHN, SR. : Who from ?

JOHN, JR. : Hazel, why ?

(Wife leaning over shoulder of John, Sr. is satisfied and kisses him.)

JOHN, SR. : I wish you would tell your girl friends that your father's name is Bill and not John, it would save me some trouble. Hazel called up here and says that it will be all right tonight and that violets will match her new dress. Good Bye.

JOHN, JR. : Good Night.

PAUL J. LARKIN, '15.

THE BEEHIVE.

School is a beehive. In every direction you see the busy bees swarming when the bells ring. The queen bee steps out and stings when she hears any buzzing in the lines, as each little bee is going to his cell. The drones lie around and flap their wings when told to get to work, but the busy bees are laying up honey, in the form of knowledge, for the winter of their lives. When the day closes, each little bee steals away to his hive and rests until it is time to work again the next day.

LOUISE BURNHAM, '17.

IN SUPENSE.

Mrs. Vrubber was carrying a dish-pan of dishes across the kitchen when the door bell gave such a loud and insistent peal that "her heart jumped to her mouth," and with a crash the dishes fell to the floor.

She hurried to the door with a presentiment that something had happened. On opening the door she beheld a small urchin, flushed and excited.

"I've got some news about your Jimmie, mum," he said breathlessly.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Vrubber in an agitated voice.

"Well, you know your Jimmie, — well, he went into the liv' —"

"Oh, dear! what has happened."

"Well, yer know he won't mind me, so he said 'Hey, Fatty, I'm goin' to tickle the mule with a straw and see if he will kick.'"

"Good heavens," gasped Mrs. Vrubber.

"Well, he got up beside the sorrel mule in the liv'ry stable an' tickled him with a straw. An', would you believe it, the blamed critter never lifted a hoof. Never so much as lifted his tail! An' it's a mighty good thing fer yer Jimmie that he didn't, an so I thought I'd come an' tell yer what a narrer escape he had."

Mrs. Vrubber never saw "Fatty" again.

LILLIAN PELEN, '18

THE POOR FRESHMAN.

A freshman's trials are numerous. A freshman, as many know, is liable to make many mistakes which embarrass it. Sometimes the freshman in hurrying to a room, steps into a room where it should go at another time and it is laughed at by the pupils in the room. Studying is hard for a freshman because when in grammar school it had almost no studying. At other times when the freshman arrives in class it finds that it has forgotten its book and is obliged to go after it. It is not always allowed by the home room teacher to get its book so then it has to tell the class teacher the sad story, and usually it is invited to make up

the lesson after school. Often the teachers talk to the freshman, praising it in a way which it does not enjoy. A thing a freshman dreads is to visit the head master. When obliged to do so, it is likely to shake in its shoes. The freshman is sometimes invited to join the teacher for one period in the afternoon. It does not always comply with the request of the teacher and is then invited, on the same afternoon of the next week, to be with the teacher for two periods. All these things are very hard on the poor little freshman.

HEBER BAILEY, '17.

A NIGHT ALARM.

Lucy and Doris slept on a sleeping porch off the living room. About four o'clock one morning Doris awoke, turned over, and looked out the window. What she saw was enough to startle anyone. Slowly, across the yard, a white form seemed to glide. It was coming nearer, and nearer, right toward the room. Doris grabbed her sister, and screamed with all her might.

"Mercy, Doris, what's the matter with you?" cried Lucy sleepily.

"Look out the window and see!"

Another scream, and Lucy was under the bed.

"Oh! It's coming nearer. What shall I do?"

"Get under here with me, quick!"

"What's all that noise downstairs?" called father to Rob. "There's something the matter. Come down with me."

Downstairs they went, lighted a light, and hurried to the girl's room. No one was to be seen, but a shaky voice issued from beneath the bed, "Go and catch that ghost, father! We're so scared!"

The girls were almost crying, so father and Rob went out with a lantern. They looked all around, but did not see anything to frighten one. Just as they started back they saw a white form headed straight for them. The next instant Rob lay on his back, but the ghost was caught. Father held him by his

horns while Rob got up, tied him with a rope, and put him in the next yard where he belonged.

"Well, the ghost is fixed," said Rob as they came in.

"What was it?" cried both girls.

"Say ghost without the 's' and you'll have it," he replied.

ESTHER JACKSON, '18.

MRS. WESTON'S BABY.

THE members of the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Church were on their way to their regular monthly meeting, when suddenly Mrs. Perkins, the Deacon's wife, exclaimed, "I declare, there is Mrs. Weston's new baby in front of her house in his carriage. Let's go over and see him."

The rest of the women readily assented and all crossed the street to see the baby.

"Oh, isn't he sweet," cried Mrs. Mellen. "He looks just like his father."

"Really, I think he is the very picture of his mother. He has her nose," said Miss Sproul. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Bixbee?"

"Why, I think he is altogether too homely to look like his mother," was that lady's reply. "He has his father's pug nose."

"I never thought you had such poor judgment, Mrs. Bixbee. Why, anyone with half an eye could tell he looks just like his mother. He has exactly the same shaped head, and look at his eyes. He is perfectly handsome," remarked Mrs. French.

Hilda, Mrs. Weston's former maid, came shyly up to the group in time to hear that "the baby was too cute for anything." Taking hold of the carriage, she remarked, "I'm awful

HE:—"Don't you think she has beautiful teeth?"

SHE:—"Yes! just like the stars in Heaven—out every night." —Ex.

"It's a long corridor that has no ultimate termination," remarked the absentminded

sorry baby isn't old enough to get what you were saying. I know she'd like it. I must go now. Goodbye."

The members of the Ladies' Aid Society looked at each other for a few moments, then continued on their way to the First Church.

Like remarks were tossed back and forth for several moments. It seemed as if the Ladies' Aid Society of the First Church would soon be disbanded.

E. L. G., '15.

THE HAPPIEST MAN I KNOW.

He is a fat, jolly, old sailor with sharp blue eyes which look out from under bushy eyebrows. A small pug nose, red at the tip, and a tobacco stained beard make up the rest of his good natured face. His dirty brown teeth are always tightly shut upon the stem of an old "T.D." pipe, on which he keeps up a continual puffing. His clothes are a weather-stained blue, covered with patches of a lighter shade. The suit is probably a relic of the old days and therefore too dear to part with.

He sits on the end of the pier, puffing away on the pipe, watches the ships come in, and dreams of the time when he owned the "fastest" one afloat. He tells stories of those long ago sailor days to the wonder-eyed boys and girls who gather round. I have never heard him wish for anything but enough tobacco to keep the old pipe busy.

The people of the little fishing town love him and his stories. Nobody would say an unkind word to "Cap'n Dan" any more than he would steal the old "T.D.," for "Cap'n Dan" is the hero of the little town on the Cape.

DORIS CONDON, '17.

professor, as he travelled patiently around in a revolving door. —Ex.

A pair in a rocker
Attempted to kiss.

In half a second,
They landed like this! —Ex.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE FACULTY.

MR. COLLINS — The rule
Of many is not well. One must be chief.
— *Homer Trans. of Bryant.*

MR. MANSUR —
O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength.
— *Shakespeare.*

MISS O'NIEL —
Condemn but sparingly whom thou dost love,
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve:
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth
wrong ;
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue.
— *Denham.*

MR. FULLER —
Throw physies to the dogs, I'll have none
of it.
— *Shakespeare.*

MISS HOLT —
Patience, my lord (lady)! why, 'tis the
soul of peace,
Of all virtues 'tis the nearest kin to heaven.
— *Decker.*

MISS DAWES —
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.
— *A. Tennyson.*

MISS THOMPSON —
Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven ;— she is its light —
its God.

And in the heart of man she sits as high.
Though grovelling minds forget her often-
times,
Seeing but this world's idols.
— *Willis.*

MISS BROOKS —
The blushing beauties of a modest maid.
— *Dryden.*

MISS WHITTAKER —
His (her) pencil was striking, resistless and
grand
His manners were gentle, complying and
bland
Still born to improve us in every part
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
— *Goldsmith.*

MISS ZELLER —
Villst du learn de Deutsche Spraehe ?
Du moost eat apout a peck
A week of stinging sauerkraut,
Und sefen pounds of speck,
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar
Und deuce knows vot in rum ;
Dish ish de only cerden way
To make de accents come.
— *Charles Leland.*

MR. ROACHE —
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
I will be brief.
— *Shakespeare.*
— M. C., '15.

TO BE SHOT AT SUNRISE:

The fellow who tells members of the Glee
Club that they're "rotten." Don't they
know it?

The fellow who says—"Oh! you forgot
to give us some home work!"

The fellows who says—"I read your
story in *the Golden-Rod* in the Cosmopolitan
two months ago."

The fellow who tries to be "Dan Cupid."

The fellow who says—"The jokes are

"punk" this year." You don't have to tell
us!

The fellow who says—"Nuthin' to do
till to-morrow" to the fellow with an arm-
ful of books.

The fellow who playfully drops H₂SO₄,
on your coat in the "Lab."

The fellow who says—"Pay your class
dues" just after you've sold your class pin to
buy a season ticket for basketball.

R. H. GAY, Joke Editor.

SCHOOL LIFE.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday, January 6, the Debating Society started the new year. Unfortunately it did not start right, for the whole affirmative side of the question : Resolved, that there is no place for a third party in American politics, did not appear. The negative, however, gave the society a short talk upon the subject, and the Meeting then took up its main object — the nomination of officers from January to June, 1915. The nominating committee submitted one set of nominations and the members, after several eliminating ballots, passed in the second set. Mr. Rasmussen then introduced a motion for amending the Constitution, so that the time of debate for each disputant might be altered from ten to twelve minutes and that only one speaker on each side might give the rebuttal. The motion was laid upon the table until the next meeting.

The next regular meeting of the Society was held on January 20. The question of the evening, Resolved, that all Christian Nations should disarm and depend upon arbitration for the settlement of disputes, formed a very interesting debate, of which the judges awarded their decision in favor of the negative. The disputants of the evening were, Affirmative, Roache and Clough ; Negative, Merrill, MacMahon, and Smith. A committee of MacDonald, MacMahon and Smith were chosen and given full powers in selecting an appropriate gift for Mr. Fenner, who has resigned from the faculty. The main object of the meeting was then taken up, the election of officers for the second half of the year. A ballot vote elected the following.

President — WILLIAM MACMAHON.

Vice President — HERBERT SMITH.

Secretary — HAROLD KIDDER.

Assistant Secretary — ALFRED CLOUGH

Treasurer — ALBERT MACDONALD.

Question Committee — THOMAS BARSTOW.

FRED RASMUSSEN.

ALBERT MACDONALD.

Entertainment Committee — HILTON MARR.

FRED ROACHE.

FRED RASMUSSEN.

Membership Committee — HERBERT MERRILL.

HERBERT SMITH.

HILTON MARR.

HAROLD GOODWIN.

Nominating Committee — WM. MACMAHON.

GUSTAF VON COLLN.

HERBERT SMITH.

HERBERT MERRILL.

SHERMAN BROKAW.

Historical Committee — ALBERT MACDONALD.

HERBERT MERRILL.

HAROLD KIDDER.

The question for the meeting of February 3 is, Resolved, that the Death Penalty for Crime should be abolished.

THALIA CLUB.

AT the conclusion of the regular meeting of January 14, Rev. B. A. Wilmott of the Bethany Congregational Church delivered a very interesting address upon "Travels through the Land of Dickens." His efforts were thoroughly appreciated by the members, their invited girl friends, and teachers. Refreshments and a general good time followed. The entertainment was in charge of the Literary Committee.

The first dramatic affair of the new year was given by the members of the club before the girls of the school, on the afternoon of January 29, in the school hall. The affair was very successful, from a dramatic view, and was heartily enjoyed by the privileged audience. Owing to the make-up of the cast, the boys were refused admission, otherwise the attendance would have been larger. This is the first of a series of plays to be held under the auspices of the Club.

The Club girls have formed two basket-ball teams and have played several games among themselves in the gymnasium. Folk dancing is taken up between the halves.

SCHOOL.

THE Sophomore class in Home Economics gave an excellently executed luncheon to the wives of the men faculty, January 20, in the Domestic Science room. The following menu was offered:

Cream of Celery Soup — Croutons.
Chicken Croquettes — Duchess Potatoes.
Stuffed Onions — Marmalade.
Lady Fingers — Rolls.
Apple and Date Salad.
Maple Spanish Cream.
Sponge Drops — Coffee.

The following were invited: Mrs. Allert Barbour, Mrs. Ernest L. Collins, Mrs. Frank L. Mansur, Mrs. John F. Roache, Mrs. Raymond E. Fenner, Mrs. Harry W. French, Mrs. George W. Paulson, and Mrs. John Grainger.

The Quincy Women's Club gave a reception to the teachers of the Quincy public schools, on the evening of January 7, in the reception hall of the Club building. Many of our high school faculty were present and appreciated the evening's entertainment, consisting of music, reading and refreshments.

The Women's Club, in honor of their tenth anniversary have engaged a trained nurse whose duty it will be to visit the various public schools of the city and investigate any sickness or ailments among the pupils. When necessary, the home life and conditions will be studied and advice or aid given. It is hoped by this means and home co-operation to free Quincy schools from disease and epidemic in the future.

It is really remarkable what a large "cold-feet" class we have in the school. When an absent list of 500 for the two days of January 7 and 13 is shown, it seems to prove that many of us are somewhat afraid of a storm. Remember that there is always a session at High School regardless of the weather conditions and please try to come if you possibly can.

The attendance at the basket-ball games is very encouraging, showing that the Athletic school spirit has taken deep root. Both floor and gallery are always full of cheering students and alumni, but there is always room for a few more.

The expiration of the winter term saw the departure of Miss Edith E. Grant and Mr. Raymond E. Fenner from our school faculty. They have accepted positions in Springfield and will assume their duties about February 1.

Miss Grant, who has been instructor of commercial subjects for a number of years has accepted a position with the Springfield Commercial High School.

Mr. Fenner, teacher of elementary mathematics, has accepted a similar position with the Central High School.

Both teachers were very popular among the students, who heartily wish them success in their new responsibilities.

Mr. Fenner was the life of the Debating Club and the boys will greatly miss his efforts and advice.

Fire-drill instructions giving the new system of filing out have been prominently displayed in the various rooms of late. It may pay to remember a few of these directions.

A large rush for the ice cream counter is predicted on "Athletic Day" when the receipts of the sale are to be turned over to the Athletic Association. Buy a plate of ice cream and aid a good cause.

Mid-year exams and report cards are very popular at present.

A few echoes from the Sophomore Class:

The weekly assemblies are very uninteresting as compared with those of last year. Give us a speaker once in a while.

The present system of study periods in a

recitation room is detrimental to the student. Let us have rooms which are really study rooms.

Every pupil who receives a high mark in English shou'd contribute something to the Golden Rod. Send in your story, joke or poem and do your share towards making a true school paper.

When this magazine reaches your hands you will have passed the half way mark, and will be upon the home stretch of your work for the year. Upon these few remaining months may depend your fate in regard to your stand-

ings. If they are dangerously low, now is the time to strive to your utmost to improve so that you may reach the goal post a winner. If they are satisfactory, do not stop working in that complacent manner peculiar to high school youngsters. Even high marks through a few days of shirking can very easily drop to a low grade or standard. Take "Hustle" for your motto, and put off resting until you can say at the close of school in June, — "I have won."

SYRIL McGERIGH, '17.

ARTHUR BOWEN,
News Editor.

ALUMNI NOTES.

THINGS are rather quiet in this column just at present. The Alumni Association does not afford material as there has been no meeting since our last number. The next meeting of this organization will not take place until June. Nevertheless, the various committees are every busy, planning different events which are scheduled to come off some time during the Winter or Spring.

A few notes which have come to The Golden Rod's ears follow. We should appreciate it very much if further news concerning our graduates could be obtained before our next issue through the efforts of the students.

Bertha Fuller, '14, who returned for a Post-graduate course this fall, has left school and is taking the Secretarial Course at Bryant and Stratton.

Alice Billings, '14, is training to be a nurse at the Quincy Hospital.

Robert Blake, '14, entered Huntington School last fall.

Helen Canty, '14, is working as a stenographer for the Industrial School, Adams School Building, Quincy.

Beulah Collett, '14, is employed by F. A. Owen Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Edwin Brown, '13, has entered Syracuse University this term.

Rebecca Bird, formerly of the class of 1916,

is studying at the Fenway School of Illustration.

Annie Deane, '14, is attending Comer's Business School, Boston, Mass.

Alvah Innis, '14, is a surveyor for E. W. Branch & Co., Quincy.

Margaret Magee, '14, is spending January and February with relatives in Pittsburg, Penn.

Chester Stedman, '14, is working with Rice and Hutchins, Quincy.

Leo Powers, '14, is employed by the Fore River Ship Building Co., Quincy Point.

Laurence Martin is taking a Post-graduate course at the Palmer High School, Palmer, Mass.

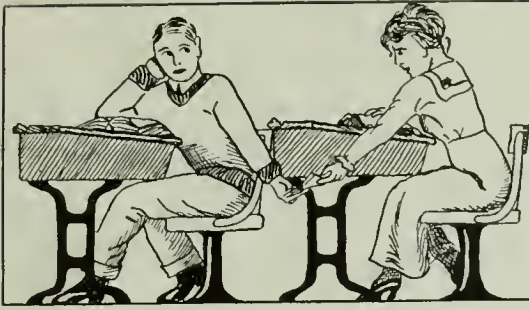
Valeria Vaszkis, '14, is training at the Quincy Hospital.

William Watson, '14, is working for C. W. & G. W. Nightingale, Quincy.

Leon Randall, Q.H.S., '13, a sophomore at Dartmouth, and Leon White, '14, who entered there this fall, are rooming together.

We have noticed that many of our Alumni are showing their interest in Quincy High by attending the basket-ball games. It shows that this move for school spirit has even extended outside the school. May it continue to grow!

LOUISE CHURCHILL,
Alumni Editor.



EXCHANGES

G.V.C.

THE *Golden Rod* acknowledges with many thanks the following papers which we have received since our last edition :—

The High School Review — Lowell, Mass.

The Imp — Brighton, Mass.

The Oracle — Malden, Mass.

The High School Herald — Westfield, Mass.

The School-Life — Melrose, Mass.

The Artisan — Mechanic Arts High School, Boston.

The Clarion — West Hartford, Conn.

The Blue and White — Franklin, Mass.

The Marion High School Survey — Marion, Ind.

The Searchlight — Walpole, Mass.

The Distaff — Girls' High School, Boston.

The Goldenrod — Wayne, Nebraska.

Lasell Leaves — Auburndale, Mass.

The Presque Isle High School Flyer — Presque Isle, Maine.

The Allerlei — Stonington, Conn.

The Smith Academy Record — St. Louis, Mo.

The Everett High Clarion — Everett, Mass.

The Recorder — Springfield, Mass.

The Eltrurian — Haverhill, Mass.

The Distaff — For originality your Exchange Column surpasses all others.

The Oracle (Malden) — We suggest the addition of an Athletic Column.

The Presque Isle High School Flyer — Well, you surely must be ambitious to edit such a "newsy" little paper every Monday morning.

The School Life — We would say that a neat paper like you could be made much more attractive by the addition of a few cuts.

The Artisan — Your cover design is a very appropriate one for an excellent paper, but we think an Exchange Column would be a great improvement.

The Clarion (West Hartford) — We like the arrangement of your material very much, May we suggest that you make more of your Athletic Column?

The Lowell Review — You are right up and coming with your wit. Your cuts are splendid.

The Smith Academy Record — You are one of the best and most interesting of our "Exchanges." Your Editorial Column is well written.

The Searchlight — The cut, heading your column, "School Notes," is very novel and amusing.

The Everett High Clarion — Another paper published every Monday morning! We say the same to you as to the Presque Isle High School Flyer.

The Allerlei — We advise that you keep all your athletic notes under the heading, "Athletics."

IN THE EYES OF OTHERS.

The Marion High School Survey says — "We have received a copy of the attractive magazine of the Quincy High School. You are keeping up to your past high standards." (We thank you very much, "Survey.")

The Goldenrod of Wayne, Neb., says — "The Golden Rod of Quincy, Mass., contains a good editorial department and several interesting stories."

The Allerlei says — "Golden Rod — Yours is a very interesting paper as it shows a great deal of school spirit and co-operation."

LOUISE CHURCHILL,
Exchange Editor.



THE basket-ball season is now in full swing. The warriors of the Red and Blue look as though they will be able to stand against the best quintets around Boston.

Quincy 16, Alumni 10.

Dec. 22. The Quincy boys opened their basket-ball season by defeating their elders from the Alumni to the tune of 16 to 10. The game was fast throughout. The school-boys had an advantage over the Alumni team in that they were better trained and therefore had better wind and more fight. The Alumni was represented by "Russ" Bates, "Bull" Moose Browne, Leon White, "Meece" Larkin, "Dick" Crane, "Buster" Arthur, Alex Robinson, "Will" Chapman, and "Bill" Manning. The baskets were caged as follows : Crocker 3, Crosseup 3, Davis 2, Manning 3, Robinson 2.

Quincy 11, Wellesley 19.

Jan. 6. Quincy High lost its first game in the interscholastic league to Wellesley in the high school gym. Superior passing of the veteran Wellesley quintet was the immediate cause of the beating which our boys received. The game was very fast for an opening game ; the Quincy boys played with much fight and spirit although they were a little shaky on the rules. Referee Coady presided with his usual firmness and decision. He gave Wellesley an extra point for interference by a Quincy player while a Wellesley man was in the act of shooting a basket. Crocker, Hamlin, and Beaton excelled for Quincy, while Curry and Kuhlewien starred for the winners.

Quincy 2nd 19, Wellesley 2nd 8.

The Quincy second team easily outclassed the second team from Wellesley. The game was very fast throughout; Hatch was the only visitor that showed any such speed as the local boys. Welsford, Baker, and Favreau played the best for Quincy.

Quincy 27, Reading 24.

Jan. 8. Our boys defeated Reading High in a hard fought battle in the latter's gym. From the start the play was fast and furious. Fouls were numerous, in fact much too numerous from the Quincy standpoint, for towards the end Judkins, by taking advantage of free tries, nearly tied the score. Quincy started rather poorly, and at the end of the first half Reading was ahead by one point. Quincy was in better form during the second period and finally wrenched out a victory. Judkins did all the playing for Reading, while Crocker, Hamlin, and Beaton played well for Quincy.

Quincy 2nd 26, Reading 2nd 9.

The second team won a very fast and sensational game from the Reading second team. Every Quincy man did something to bring out a cheer, — Morrison, Baker, and Prout by scoring long shots, Favreau by landing two baskets in succession with one-handed shots, and Welsford by tossing a basket while squeezed against the wall in the corner. The Reading team was so completely outclassed that it could not star. Bachelder did the best work for Reading.

Quincy 20, Winthrop 13.

Jan. 12. Quincy easily defeated the strong

Winthrop combination in the local gym. The game was hard fought in the first period, but in the last two periods Winthrop had no show at all. Crosseup was back after a week's illness and played his game well although it became noticeable in the third period that he had not wholly recovered from his sickness. Hamlin and Beaton featured for Quincy and Talbott excelled for Winthrop.

In the third period Captain Crocker wrenched his knee, the one that he hurt in football. This will probably keep him out of the game for the rest of the season.

Quincy 2nd 17, Winthrop 2nd, 11.

As usual the Quincy second team won its game, this time by defeating the Winthrop second team. Welsford scored all but two points, these Favreau scored by caging a basket from a difficult angle. Baker and Prout were so busy on the defensive that they had no time to score. Williams put up the best game for Winthrop.

Quincy 14, Revere 26.

Jan. 15. Quincy journeyed to Revere and suffered an inglorious defeat at the hands of the Revere High School team. Our boys lay the defeat to the low ceiling in the Revere gym; the boys missed basket after basket because the ball hit the ceiling before reaching the goal, Beaton played best for Quincy, while Oneto, Orr and Webb were responsible for Revere's good work.

Quincy 2nd 15, Revere 2nd 10.

The Quincy second team, although somewhat handicapped by the low ceiling, managed to wrest a victory from the Revere second team. This makes the fourth straight victory for the second team; it has beaten every second team in the interscholastic league. Albert Desmond filled the position of Welsford who has been taken on to the first team. Morrison excelled for Quincy, while Hartnett upheld the spirit of Revere.

Much interest has been shown in the formation of a new baseball league on the South Shore. The league is composed of the teams

representing the communities of Quincy, Brockton, Weymouth, Milton and Rockland.

The formation of the league is being received with great acclaim by the students of the high schools represented. It is believed that the league will have a tendency to secure better moral and financial support for the various athletic teams representing the schools.

John E. Cosgrove of Weymouth was chosen president and Frank L. Mansur of Quincy was chosen secretary and treasurer. The governing board includes the officers, Arthur E. Staff of Brockton, Thomas Poickett of Rockland and Reginald Nash of Milton.

The possibilities of the league have been discussed by the governing board and each member is enthusiastic about its future. The governing board has definitely decided as to baseball and a schedule has been drawn up. All of the teams in the league will play two games with each other. In all probability the league will also include football and later, if successful will extend to basketball, tennis and track.

Manager Merrill has arranged a very fast and hard schedule of fifteen games as follows:

April	23.	Arlington at Quincy (Pending)
"	27.	Revere at Quincy.
"	30.	Cambridge Latin at Cambridge.
May	4.	Revere at Revere.
"	7.	South Boston at Quincy.
"	11.	Hingham at Quincy (Pending)
"	14.	*Quincy at Brockton.
"	19.	*Weymouth at Quincy.
"	22.	*Milton at Quincy.
"	26.	*Quincy at Weymouth.
"	28.	*Quincy at Rockland.
June	2.	*Quincy at Milton.
"	4.	Quincy at Wellesley.
"	8.	*Rockland at Quincy.
"	11.	*Brockton at Quincy.
		* League Games.

The following have been chosen as captains of their class teams; 1915, James E. Smith; 1916, Carl Hammond; 1917, Percy Jenkins; 1918, Herbert Hendry.

ROBERT FOY, *Athletic Editor.*



G.V.C.

AMERICAN (at phone):—HELLO!

ENGLISHMAN (at other end):—Ah you thah?

AMERICAN:—Yes, old top, but how the deuce did you guess it?

Three girls from Boston, New York, and Chicago, respectively, were viewing a vase in an art museum.

BOSTON GIRL:—“Oh, what a *superb* va-se!”

NEW YORK MAIDEN:—“Goirls, isn’t that a superb vawz?”

CHICAGO DAMSEL:—“Hully gee! Some jug!”

Throw out the anchor; here’s a deep one.

FIRST:—Did you notice the good looking fellow who sat behind us at Kincaide’s?

SECOND:—Oh, the handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, who wore his hair pompadour? No. Why?

“Can we squeeze in this crowded car?” asked the polite but timid young man.

“May be, Charlie,” replied the sweet young thing, “but don’t you think we’d better wait until we get home?”

UP TO DATE.

CUSTOMER:—Here, waiter, where are the olives? And bring half a melon and a bowl of cracked ice.

WAITER (loudly):—Dumdums, half a bomb shell, and a bowl of shrapnel.

Said the needle to the stocking,

“I’ll stick you through and through.”

Said the stocking to the needle,

“I’ll be darned if you do!”

—Ex.

STERN PARENT TO PRETTY DAUGHTER:—
“What was Phillip talking about last night?”

PRETTY DAUGHTER:—“Why, papa, we were talking about kith and kin.”

NAUGHTY LITTLE BROTHER:—“Yeth, pa, they were. He thaid ‘Kin I kith you?’ and the thaid, ‘You kin!’ ” —Ex.

“Say, I almost sold my shoes yesterday.”

“How was that?”

“Had ‘em half-sol(e)d.” —Ex.

When any girl the livelong day

Tee-hees! at everything you say,

And seems to have no gravity,

It should at once be understood,

Her teeth are very white and good.

Or else her head’s a cavity. —Ex.

Henry was very proud of his kittens, and was bringing them to show a visitor. His mother heard him coming along the hall, and alarmed at the noise, called out: “Don’t hurt the kittens, Henry!”

“No mother,” came the reassuring reply, “I’m carrying them by their stems.”—Ex

CONTRIBUTOR:—“I sent you some suggestions, telling you how to improve yur paper. Have you carried out any of my ideas?”

EDITOR:—“Did you meet the office boy with the waste paper basket as you came upstairs?”

CONTRIBUTOR:—“Yes.”

EDITOR:—“Well, he was carrying out your ideas.” —Ex.

MISS HOLT:—Continuez, Monsieur Favreau.

FAVREAU:—I don’t know where we left off.

CROSSCUP (with a surprised look):—
Monsieur Favreau regardait les dames?

G. McDONALD (talking of light):—What will that beam be thrown on, Mr. Paulson?

BOWEN (in low voice):—On your feet.

Heard at the basketball game:

“Hey, Pimp! Hey, Simp”

BURGIN:—Who are they calling “Pimp” and “Simp?”

“RUSS” SANBORN:—Me.,

Two in one, eh, Russ?

Sure, that’s where I shine.

“Dot” now pays attention in French. How Jamacia?

MR. ROACHE (to Watts):—Stand on your own feet, please!

23:—You don’t have to learn dates in history? Don’t you like dates?

MISS KENNEDY:—No.

23:—Why, I always thought there was a certain fascination in dates for young ladies.

MR. ROACHE:—There are no windows at all in the Bank of England. Why is this?

STEARNS:—There’s nobody home!

WADAYAMEAN, MAC?

MISS THOMPSON:—Will the girls who have been using the dictionary kindly put it back where it belongs?

McDonald walks up and pushes it into its proper place.

MISS ZELLER:—How would you know that “Polizei” is feminine?

H. LIVINGTON:—It’s a feminine noun of more than one syllable.

MR. ROACHE (at map):—Up there, we have a lot of wheat. Down here—what?

WEAK VOICE:—Beer!

MR. PAULSON (speaking of velocity of light):—The nearest star is so far away that if a person upon it should look through

a telescope in 1915, he would see the battle of Gettysburg taking place here.

MARR, ’16:—I’ll come over and sing for your sister some night. She likes music, doesn’t she?

BROKAW, ’16:—Yes, she does, but come all the same.

FRANCIS:—I was out of school two weeks with a bad cold.

FRANCIS:—Two weeks! That aint so bad.

Dick Walsh, ’17, can’t see how “Bunch” Arthur could put his head through a window and break it.

MISS LENNON (to pupil entering library hurriedly):—Where have you come from?

ZAVATTONI:—Room 13.

MISS LENNON:—Misbehavior?

ZAVATTONI:—No, Miss Thayer.

MISS O’NEIL:—The word “Vir” in Latin means “husband” or “hero.” The two are synonymous.

MISS ANDERSON (in English):—Talking about Rip Van Winkle, are there any more question to be asked about the story?

SHAUNESSY:—Yes, “Who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle?”

LET THIS ONE SINK IN.

SCENE—Hancock Street. Time—1:16 on a rainy day.

HE (after dodging as far as Elm Avenue):—Would you marry a man with but one eye?

SHE:—Goodness! No!

HE:—Well, then, let me carry that umbrella.

“Dun” Hamlin is going down past the park, all dressed up in his new clothes.

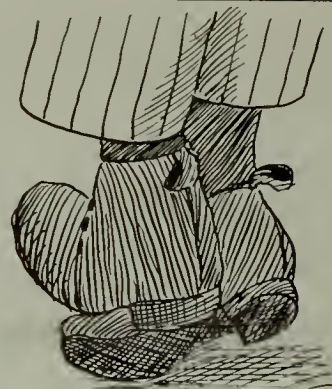
A SQUIRREL:—“That nut must have dropped off of a new Ford.”



"DON" CROCKER TAKES HIS DAILY NAP DURING THE FIFTH PERIOD.



VERILY DO I SAY UNTO YOU, HE WHO SITTETH UPON A THUMB TACK SPEEDILY RISETH AGAIN.



This is how Fred Rassmussen likes to keep his feet.



IS CLOUGH TRYING TO CHEAT THE BARBER OR DOES HE WEAR THIS TO KEEP HIS HEAD WARM?

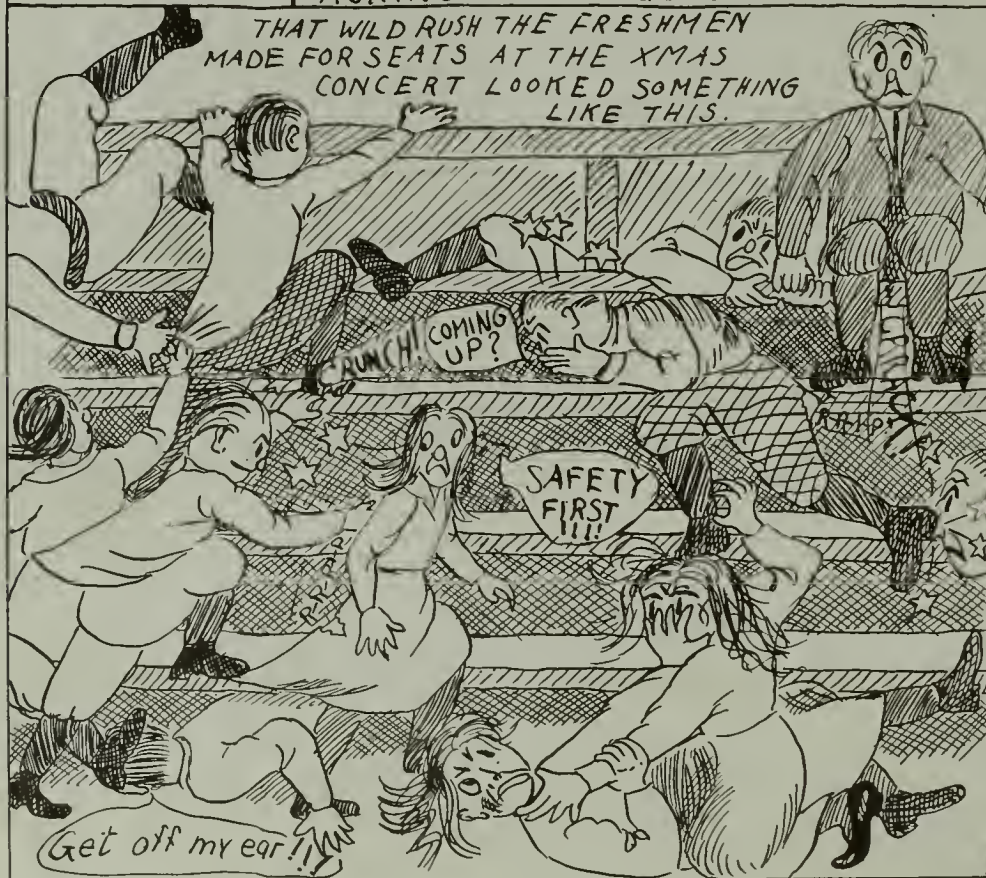
A FEW MEMBERS OF ENG. CLASS N4 T4 HAVE ACQUIRED THE REPUTATION OF ALWAYS ASKING FOOLISH QUESTIONS.



WHY IS A DOG?



THIS IS JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF THE ABSENT LIST THAT APPEARED ON JAN. 7.



THAT WILD RUSH THE FRESHMEN MADE FOR SEATS AT THE XMAS CONCERT LOOKED SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

G.N.S. Mutt and Jeff.

WHERE DO WE GET THE NEXT MEAL JEFF?

JEPSON

SEARCH ME!

"WET"

G. V. C.



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